THE ORANGEBURG TIMES Is published every

WEDNESDAY DITHINATIONS

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AUCTION SALES.

82 & (14:1) BY F. P. BEARD. MONDAY, October 6th, at 10 Mm I will sell at my auction room, one door HOUSEHQED FURNITURE,

es a CLEY GOODS, CROCKERY Brifis in ten HOSIERY, &c. 500 eq (1841) ALSO:

Aslot of Fancy Goods and Notions 16) Bargains may be expected. 165 Goods received till 9 o'clock on day of le. F. P. BRAHD, Auct, and Com. Merch't-

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Notice of Dispulseal.

The undersigned have this day formed a Partner-hip for the purpose of uniting their separate Schools into one, under the name of the

ORANGEBURG ACADEMY.

Having individually enjoyed a liberal pat-romage at the hands of the Community, together they beg a communicate of it to them under the present arrangement, promising unabated energy and industry together with the further advantage of being enabled, under the changed circount ance, to devote themselves more exclusively such to his own particular branches.

Teress payable as theretofore, at the end of

VOITE PER MONTH:

Classics, 1 12 84.00 Finglish, 7 2 2 8.00 Next term will commence on the first Monday in (being the second day of) September Fourd can be obtained, in private families,

STILES R. MELLICHAMP,

POETRY.

Tears.

Tears that trickle down our eyes; They do not fall to earth and dry They soar like angels to the skies, And like the angels cannot die-For, oh lour immortality, Flows through each tear, sounds in each sigh.

What waves of tears surge o'er the deep Of sorrow, in our restless souls! And they are strong, not weak, who weep Those drops from out the sea that rolls, Within their hearts for evermore; Without a depth-without a shore:

But ah! The tears that are not wept, The tears that never outward fall .-The tears that grief for years has kept Within us, they are best of all: The tears our eyes shall never know, Are deeper than the tears that flow. [MANUSCRIPT.

SELECTED STORY.

TRIX.

BY H. VICKERY DUMONT.

He thought, I suppose, if he thought at all, that he was doing no harm. It is a fallacy upon which men of his stamp often act, and often, alas! commit many and many a wrong. Not that I would for a moment assert that in his intercourse with Trix Danby, Lindsay Kirk had been guilty of any actual or positive wrong. She was a scion of the lowest family their low mining district contained.

He had first met her during the second week of his superintendence over his father's mines. Old Jim Danby was lying in a ditch as drunk as liquor could make him, and Lind, not being sufficiently acquainted with the old wretch to understand that that was his normal condition, was dragging him out when Trix came tangled in the meshes of his daily life along. Another girl would have been until it seemed as if separation was imoverwhelmed with mortification, but she possible. Only seemed so, however, for was not. She stood for a moment regard- it was possible, as the proud mother that ing his operations, then said, in a voice, shared his seclusion knew. Not only whose pathos was unnatural at sixteen:-"Taint no use gettin' him out of that. He'll only tumble into the next one he comes acrost."

Lind loo'red up and laughed. "Well, I'll drag him out if he does. Do you know who he is?"

"Yes, I know him. He's my father." "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, confusedly, then added, "but we must get him out of this, for the sun is so hot it will kil! him."

"'Twouldn't be no great loss," she answored, taking one of the helpless arms that lay so disgustingly low, and helping Lindsay with his burden.

It was nothing new for her to lean under it, and she took the experience quite naturally; but Lind, looking over the ragged old back that divided them, the great woof of her hair tumbling over felt a strong thrill of admiration. Not the chivalrous, respectful admiration he tendered generally to the sex, but the curious pulse-thrilling one feels when looking at any beauty fresh from the chased her face and eyes, and he cound hand of nature.

Not that poor Trix was strictly beautiful, but there was a power in the firm asked, pointing to her slumbering armyoung mouth, an honesty in the dusky ful. gray eyes, a pathetic grace in the badly dressed figure, that appealed more powerfully to his senses than all the dainty, well-elad loveliness that had ever flashed mind him, so me and Dannie have to do across his eyes.

She thanked him when they reached the hut, diguified by the sweet word home; thanked him in words that were ungrammatical and badly expressed, but which were sweet in their very humility.

After that he met her very often on the roads and by-roads, stumbled across her as she sat through the purple dusks of gloaming watching the tide roll up the something rash. I think that, despite by-and-by it came. Lind took her out gray expanse of shore, came upon her as his mother's warnings, he might, while for a sail one evening just in the scarlet she lingered around the mines waiting to the spell was still upon him, have enacted see whether Jim was sufficiently sober to King Cophetna, but it was only "a might they floated far into the blazing west, care for his dinner, sauntered past their have been," and he didn't. habitation and saw her time after time, standing in her dusky beauty at the door- they sat under the shelter of the rocks. patient curves. She was sitting quietly way, holding crippled little Dan where She got in the great gray niche, and the beside him, her delicate profile upturned the sun's warm rays could fall upon his bright face, the heavy veil of hair, the her golden hair falling like shafts of

at first she scarcely noticed him, scarcely lever before talked to a woman.

raised her eyes when he parted. By-and- He told her of his life's aspirations, his by, however, when it became habitual for manhood's aims, and she, whose every him to stand or walk beside her, to meet moment was beset with longings vague her in her lonely rambles, to talk with and grand, soid nothing of them, only her as no one else had ever talked, he listened to him as a faithful vassal listens could see the glad crimson flushing her to a lordly master. Once he looked up eyes at his approach, and yet, as before, at her, and, smitten by a sudden sense he thought he was doing no harm.

was beginning to take more pains with have been telling you all that I ever her personal appearance, that her rags wished for, and you haven't been a single and rents were becoming fewer, her luxu-bit confidential- What would you like riant hair was rescued from its former most of anything in the world?" state of picturesque dishevelment, that An intense hungriness spread itself even her face had lost its old look of over her face, some of the old pathos came apathy, and flashed into shy, sweet ani- back to her voice. mation. They, the little world of goesip, "I guess I want everything; but I can admired her none the more for it. To tell just go on wanting, for I never get any the truth, in circles where her name was thing. Sometimes I'm just sick and familiar, many and many a hard un-tired of life, and then again I wonder if womanly thing was said of her; but over everything will go on just the same until and above and apart from their censure, I'm an old woman, and, by way of Trix was happy.

On what basis her happiness was founded she scarcely stopped to consider. Her love for him rose as a lawless impulse of didn't, her nature, deep, strong, fervent, never to be eradicated, never to be separated from her to himself than ever he had before, her by either height or depth or any living thing. She never dared to think he had any feeling for her in return, in her untaught, untutored humility she was satisfied to be with him, to watch him, to worship him.

- "with passion wild,

As the Persian worships the glowing sun," And Lindsay? Well, as time were on, and the stupidity of the place became more unmitigated, his thoughts were concentrated on Trix. He liked to see the sudden lighting up of her face; the tremulous shyness of her voice he liked to hear; so she, poor child! became enpossible but probable, so she took no pains to frustrate the intinacy, and only smiled when people told her of it.

"For you know, my boy, I have every confidence in you," she said, "and I think you love me well enough to preserve my bining fabric. I know that temptations them aside as best you can; anything rather than a misalliance."

Lind laughed, but reddened, and there and then with faultless ingenuity she made her plans.

"You needn't fear any alliance for a while," he answered, then sauntered a jagged peak of rock, saw Dannie basking beneath it-saw Trix sitting on a pile of seaweed, the baby in her arms, her shoulders, and the baby face that was sheltered by her pliant, graceful form.

"All asleep down there?" he called out, and then the glory and the shadows a place beside her on the sands. "Don't you ever get tired of that fellow?" he

Trix laughed the shy laugh that was

Lind glanced at Dannie's crippled body, and felt one of his old thrills at the girl's subtle generosity, at the innate refinement that crept out of her thoughts and pervaded the homely expressions of her everyday life.

I think that in that moment of en-

stunted body, or trying to keep a wailing bare arms, and the baby sleeping upon lingering sunlight around her face.

baby quiet while the mother of the family bem, flashed cut like the tinted beauty regaled herself with a drunken sleep. If an old Vandyke picture. He lay at first, then admiringly, and at last his She remembered him well enough, but lown at her feet, and talked as he had

People talked and noticed that Trix Why don't you talk, Trix? Here I

change, death comes along."

Perhaps you think she wanted to force a proposal of some description, but she

He had more idea just then of taking but he only said: "Why, Trix, child, I thought you were

very contented; I had no idea that you were so.unhappy.' Again the lighting of face and brow, again the flash of deprecating sweetness

in the gray eyes, again the tremulous naivete of the childish voice. "I'm not unhappy now, but I used to be all the time mad and sorry that I couldn't be a lady and dress up and be pure and sweet like ladies always are. Now, though I don't mind so much, I want things just as bad as ever, but I'm pretty happy in spite of not gettin' them."

Poor Trix! That was the last, the very

last of her peace and happiness!

Lind went home that evening, and, stepping unconsciously into the breezy dining-room, found awaiting him, a very, very pretty girl. A girl with a bright, laughing face, and a delicate odor of violets lingering around her. A girl that to the dainty tips of her rosy nails was every inch a lady.

"Lind, this is Miss Edith Rodney, our will beset young men, but you must put nearest neighbor. I kidnapped her this afternoon, and am going to keep her a long while for my own especial benefit."

Lind stood for a moment in mystificacation, until the laughing face came for-

'Mr. Kirk looks horrified, and I don't wonder, for this invasion is unpardonable. down towards the shere, and standing on I live ten miles away, and Mrs. Kirk brought me here this afternoon all unknown to the master."

He recovered himself by that time, and said, gracefully : "The master must thank her then for

a very unexpected pleasure." So for a time Mrs. Kirk had it her own

way. Trix was neglected, and Miss Rodney filled all the spaces of Lind's life. I can't recapitulate the days that fol-

lowed, cannot tell you how Trix and Dannie and the baby sat on shore alone. How an eager pathos crept into the dusky eyes, how the childish mouth so wondrously sweet. "Yes, I'm always drooped in the corners, and the tangled tired of him, but there's nobody else to black hair went sullenly back to its old negligence.

Miss Rodney walked, drove, rode, and sailed with Lind. Sang to him in the evenings, sauntered down to the mines with him in the daytime, and at last she heard of Trix !

It was nothing, of course. Most girls, I suppose, would have allowed the story to pass unnoticed, but Miss Rodney thusiasm he might have been tempted to didn't. She waited her opportunity, and glow of sunset. Over the purple waters Over the tiny ripples that Miss Rodney's Dannie fell asleep after a while, and pink fingers sent into a thousand im-

passion culminated, and he asked her to be his wife. She was a girl of wonderfully quick

perceptions, and I suppose she had half expected it, so she turned with womanly honesty in her brown eyes, womanly tenderness in her clear voice: "Before I answer you, Mr. Kirk, will

you reply to one question? What did you mean by your attentions to Trix Danby ?"

"I meant nothing. I paid her no attention that could be construed into meaning anything. Beyond walking and talking to her a few times, I know nothing about the girl."

The curve of the scarlet lips deepened perceptibly, the clear voice became earnest:

"Mr. Kirk, we may as well understand each other. You tell me this, and as a assure you it places your conduct in no more favorable light. You meant nothing, you say, but whether you meant it or not you know the girl loved you. You know that every passion and pleasure of her life has been absorbed by you, that your idle talks and chance meetings have drawn her away from her own ideality to an ideal world of sorrow and unhappiness. You thought you were doing no harm. Perhaps you did, but a gentle man would have thought, a gentleman would never have performed such an

"From which I reason that I am not a gentleman. Thank you, Miss Rodney!' His Saxon face flashed with indignation as he spoke, but she continued undaunt-

"Not the least necessity, I assure you My only regret is that I cannot place you under deeper obligations, that my words are insufficient to tell you all I think of your conduct-the base, ungentlemanly cowardice that could induce any man formed in the image of his Creator, to win a woman's heart merely pour passer le temps. It is common. I know scores and hundreds of your set and compeers, do likewise; but it is contemptible all the same. In your case it is more than contemptible, for though the girl's social station is beneath yours, the station and the nature her God has given her is as much above you as the mountains are above the earth. Furthermore, despite the intensity of your selfishness and her, ignorance, you loved her."

The color faded from his cheeks, he drew one short, hard breath, and answer-

"I repeat it, in a sort of way you loved her, and you do not love me; but my position is more advantageous, and you asked me to be your wife, Facing her wrongs, egotism is disgusting; but with all due deference, I will briefly inform you that I am engaged to a man who would scorn the amusement that entertained you so immensely.

She paused out of breath.

"And now, Mr. Kirk, will you be kind enough to turn, I have to drive home tenight, you must remember?"

So he turned, and in perfect silence they floated on their homeward way. She sat at the stern, one hand rippling the waters, both eyes watching the curves she made.

Nearer and nearer grew the village, and still neither of them spoke. She became tired of rippling, and, seeing a bough floating on the water, stretched one shapely hand towards it, leaned her lithe affords her a shelter and a home for her body forward, and then-then, while Lindsay Kirk was thinking of a more manly future; was dreaming of Trix's shy face and intensely happy eyes; while Miss Rodney was thinking over her girlish thoughts; while a pair of dusky, eager eyes watched them from the shore, the boat upset, and the two were struggling in the water. The sail flapping lazily rabbits off flower beds. After the first around, struck Lind as he fell, but Miss few days cats in no way dislike this par-Rodney had just sufficient consciousness to seream, in her clear young voice :--

"Help us! Oh, my God! Help! We're drowning!"

To hear over the water a voice as sweet and girlish as her own.

For a long time he watched her; lazily I'll be there in a minute!"

So with energy born of despair, she clung tightly on, held with superhuman strength the man she so despised, until with quick, short strokes the boat of refuge was beside them.

"O Trix, hurry !" she screamed. "Hurry, for I can't hold on a minute longer!" Even while she spoke, Trix was beside her, and Edith still cried : "Felp him in first. I'll try to hold on."

So Trix, with her strong young arms helped him in first and then Miss Rodney. The next she berself had fallen h elplessly, powerlessly between the boats. Ten minutes after, two sturdy miners had rowed to the rescue. Half an hour

later, Lind, opened his eyes, and seeing Miss Rodney sitting beside him with a white, awe-stricken face, murmured: "Where is Trix?" Then awaited hungrily the answer no

one gave, for Trix had drifted out into lady I am bound to believe you; but I, the sea of eternity. Out through the rippling waters to the golden gates of the E ernal City, where pain and sorrow are unknown.

The Sunteam.

The greatest of physical paradoxes is he sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall moresoftly or more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary-not even the feathery flakes of snow, which thread their way through the atmosphere as if they were too filmy to yield to the demands of gravity, like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold-leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath would set it into tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs-the pupil of the eyethough pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, and blesses the useful lgl.t. Yet a few of those rays, insinuating themselves into a mass of iron, like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely-knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would stir a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water litts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and boists whole rivers from ther beds, only to drop them again in snows upon the hills, or in fattening showers upon the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and out of it springs the tempest or the hurricane, which desolates a whole region in its lunstic wrath. The marvel is that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results should come to us in so gentle, so penceful, and so unpretentious a gaise. -[Rural CAROLINIAN.

NEW USE FOR CATS .-- The late heavy rains this spring have given us the promise of abundance of strawberries. To keep off the birds how simple, how certain, how small is the cost of a cat on a small chain sliding on a wire, and giving the animal the walk, up and down the whole length of the Strawberry beds. A knot at each end of the wire readily prevents the cat from twisting round the post which supports the wire, and a small kennel placed in the middle of the walk kittens. In large garcens a second cat is required, and the young ones in their frequent visits to each other greatly assist in scaring away the birds. I have for more than 30 years used, and seen used with perfect success, this easy method of protecting fruit, and the very same plan is equally good in keeping hares and tial restraint, and when set quite free, after a few weeks' watching, they will of their own accord continue on guard. The kittens, more especially, attach themselves to this garden occupation, and of their own accord, become the gardener's "Hold on! Hold on to the boat, and best allies .- [Cor. Land and Water.